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AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF HOMESPUN

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR

IN AID OF THE

SANITARY COMMISSION

PHILADELPHIA

JUNE 1864

Ashmead & Evans

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ASHMEAD & EVANS,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, for the LADIES of the SANITARY COMMISSION.

A dandy came on from New York,
As pompous and stiff as a stork,
When he said "you dont know how to get up a show,"
They just raffled the dandy from York.

1972

There lived an Old Maid in the city of Trenton, who to marry a youth, all her faculties bent on,
She essay'd every art, to inveigle the heart of every young Dandy in Trenton.

There was an old King of Dahomey,
Whose realm was more sterile than loamy;
So he bagged little "niggers"
Which he sold at high figgers
To the Yankees who trade at Dahomey.

There was a young person of Boston,
And the vaguest of doubts she was tossed on.
Of effect and of cause
She discoursed without pause:
Remarkable person of Boston!

There was a young lady who said
" I seldom wear hair on my head ;
I carry my locks about in a box,
For such is the fashion" she said.

There was a young lass of Kentucky,
Who tho' little was loyal and plucky;
When her spark turned secesh
Though dear as her flesh,
She drummed him herself from Kentucky.

M. M. D.

There was a young lady of Cork,
Who partook of her soup with a fork,
"If I eat it like that
I shall never get fat!"
Said this clever young lady of Cork.

W. H. H.

There was a young lady of Georgia,
Who always admired Lou Borgia,
So she punished her slaves
And danced over their graves,
And was publicly thanked throughout Georgia.

H. K. F.

There was an old man of the plains,
Who said, "I believe that it rains;"
So he buttoned his coat, and got into a boat
To wait for a flood on the plains.

There was a young Crœsus said, "I
Will, whatever you offer me buy,"
When a thousand he'd spent, to his banker he went,
And came back with a large supply.

There was a young girl who wore bows,
Who said, "if you choose to suppose
This hair is all mine,
You are wrong I opine,
And you can't see the length of your nose."

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was nothing but bones except skin ;
So she wore a false bust,
For says she "well I must,"
This degraded young creature of Lynn.

A fine noble fellow is "Bull,"
Of courage and energy full;
But easily led
By a slight cotton thread,
So gentle and mild is our Bull.

There was a dear lady of Eden,
Who on apples was quite fond of feedin,
So she gave one to Adam,
Who said, "thank you madam,"
And so they both skedaddled from Eden.

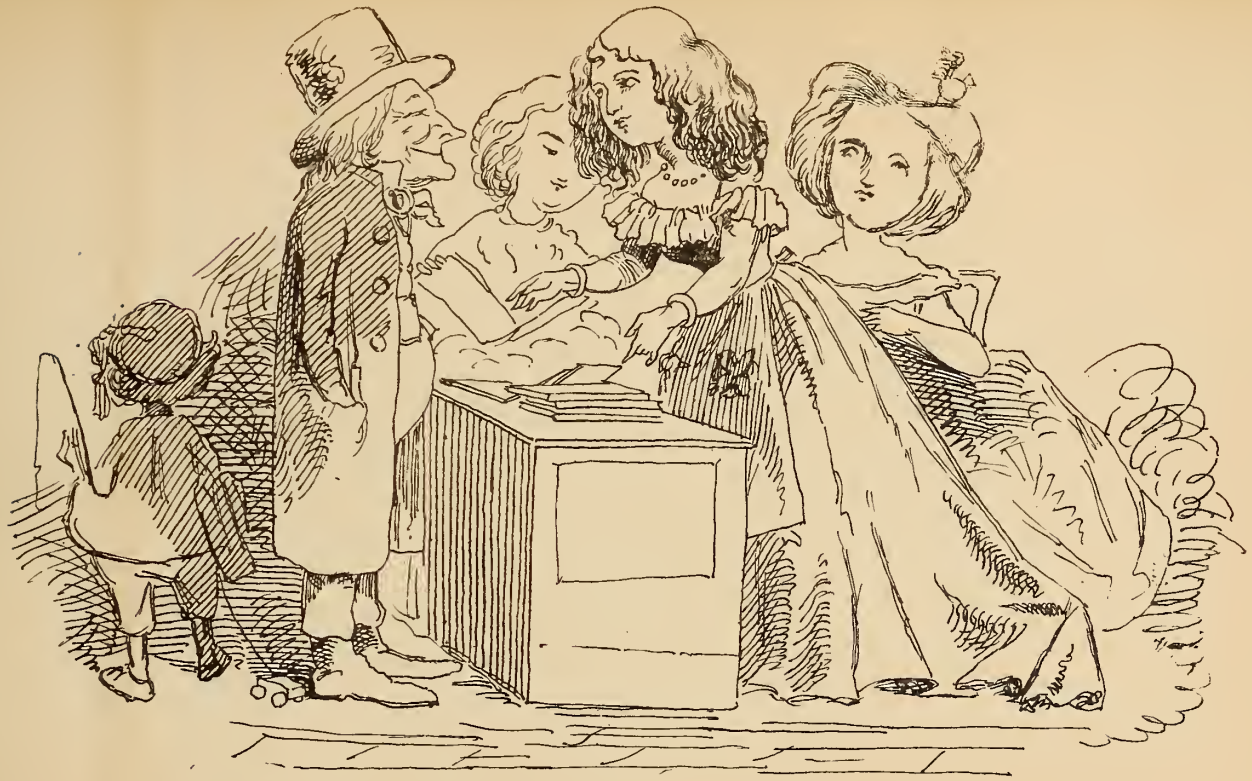
ye Birdey Freedom
Fagge Betrayle
ye Ragge ye Falsee ye
A Trewe & lively effigie of ye Miser
Shoddie
ye Free and Enlightened PUBLICK
ye Fayre one & with ye Golden Lockkes
ye Miser his bookes

There was an old miser who said, "why
Do you still importune me to buy?"
Because it's so funny to handle your money,
That's why we importune you to buy.

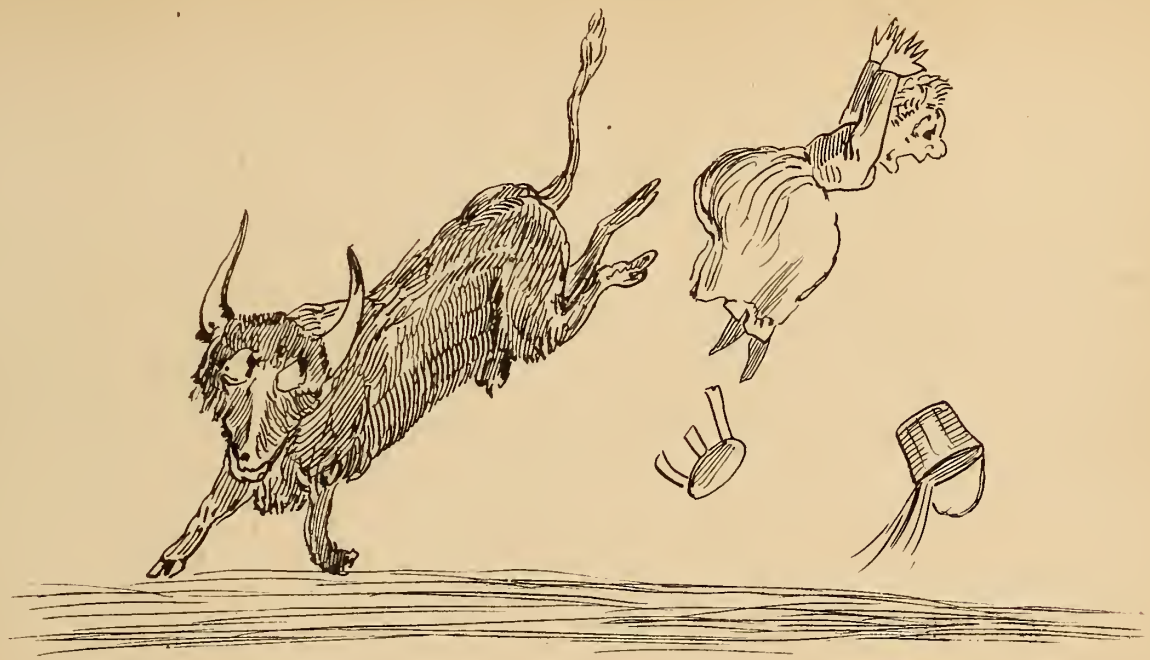
There was a young female of Zab,
Who was cursed with the gift of gab,
With her husband she wrangled,
And he had her strangled
By the conjugal custom of Zab.

There was an odd man of Woonsocket, who carried bomb-shells in his pocket ;
Endeavoring to cough one day—they went off, and of course, up he went like a rocket.

There was a young girl of Quebec,
Who dressed very low in the neck,
Her friends said, "that's not decent,"
" Oh! the fashion's quite recent,"
Said this vulgar young girl of Quebec.



An innocent stranger asked, "where
Is the funniest place in the fair."
"Where the Nonsense Book lies" the committee replied,
Is the funniest place in the Fair.



There once was a small girl of Chilka, who ran at a cow, and would milk her ;
But it kicked up its heels and said, " see how it feels !
You meddlesome Matty of Chilka.

There was a young man of Calcutta, who eat at his meals too much butter;
Till a very kind niece boiled him down into grease:
Which dissolved this young man of Calcutta.

There was an old lady of Norfolk, who always was saying before folk,
I to a mean yankee will never say "thankee," this civil old lady of Norfolk.

There was a young person in Maine, who, although undeniably plain,
Was possessed of such "chic" that before she could speak, she did for" the "male sect" in Maine.

There was a young man of Lancaster, who walked ever faster and faster,
Till though he began by walking, he ran and galloped all over Lancaster.

There was an old party in Rome,
Who kept a house in a very fine dome,
With a spavined old bull
That no longer could pull
The coach of this party in Rome.

There was a young man with a rose, who said to his girl, "I suppose
That this gift is as pretty as my love she is witty—"
So she courtesied, and forthwith arose.

There came a young lady from Hayti, whose complexion was rather too slaty
Whose hair was too curled, and yet the gay world, paid court to this lady from Hayti

There once were five women of Wells, who thought themselves terrible belles:
They never could walk, but the people would talk,
And dilate on these beauties of Wells.

There was an old lady of Venezuela,
So ill that no physician could heal her,
She called her kind "nuss"
"A sleepy old cuss,"
This morbid old lady of Venezuela.

There was an old man and his wife, who lived in the bitterest strife:
He opened the stove, pushed her in with a shove,
And cried "there! you pest of my life."

There was a young student at Yale, Who became thin, abstracted and pale ;
His friends said it was drinking, He declared it was thinking, But one can't believe students at Yale

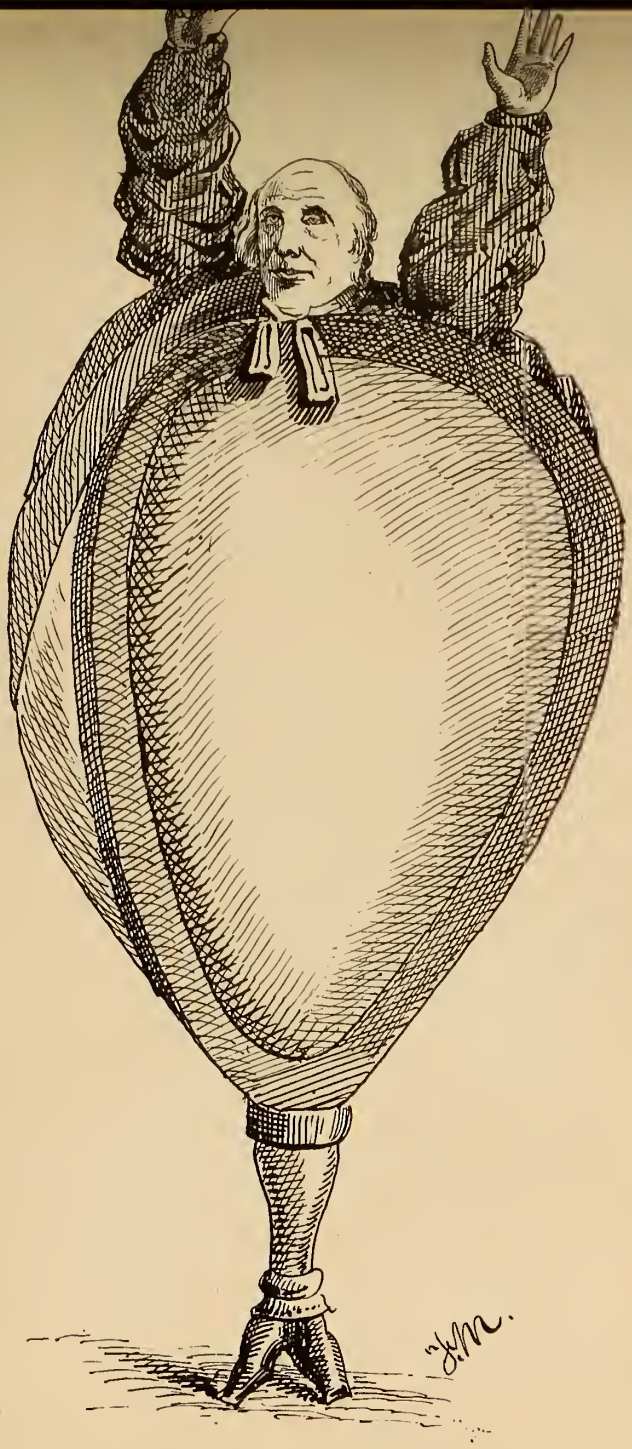
There was a young woman of Zug, who said "do I see a huge bug?
With my heel will I try to make this thing die,
Which might sting all my kinsmen of Zug."

There was a fine lady of Metz, continually surrounded by pets :
Two cats very small, and three dogs rather tall,
With which she would walk about Metz.

There was an old man of the Niger, who was savagely chased by a tiger;
When he climbed up a palm, and remained there all calm;
Which perplexed this mad beast af the Niger.

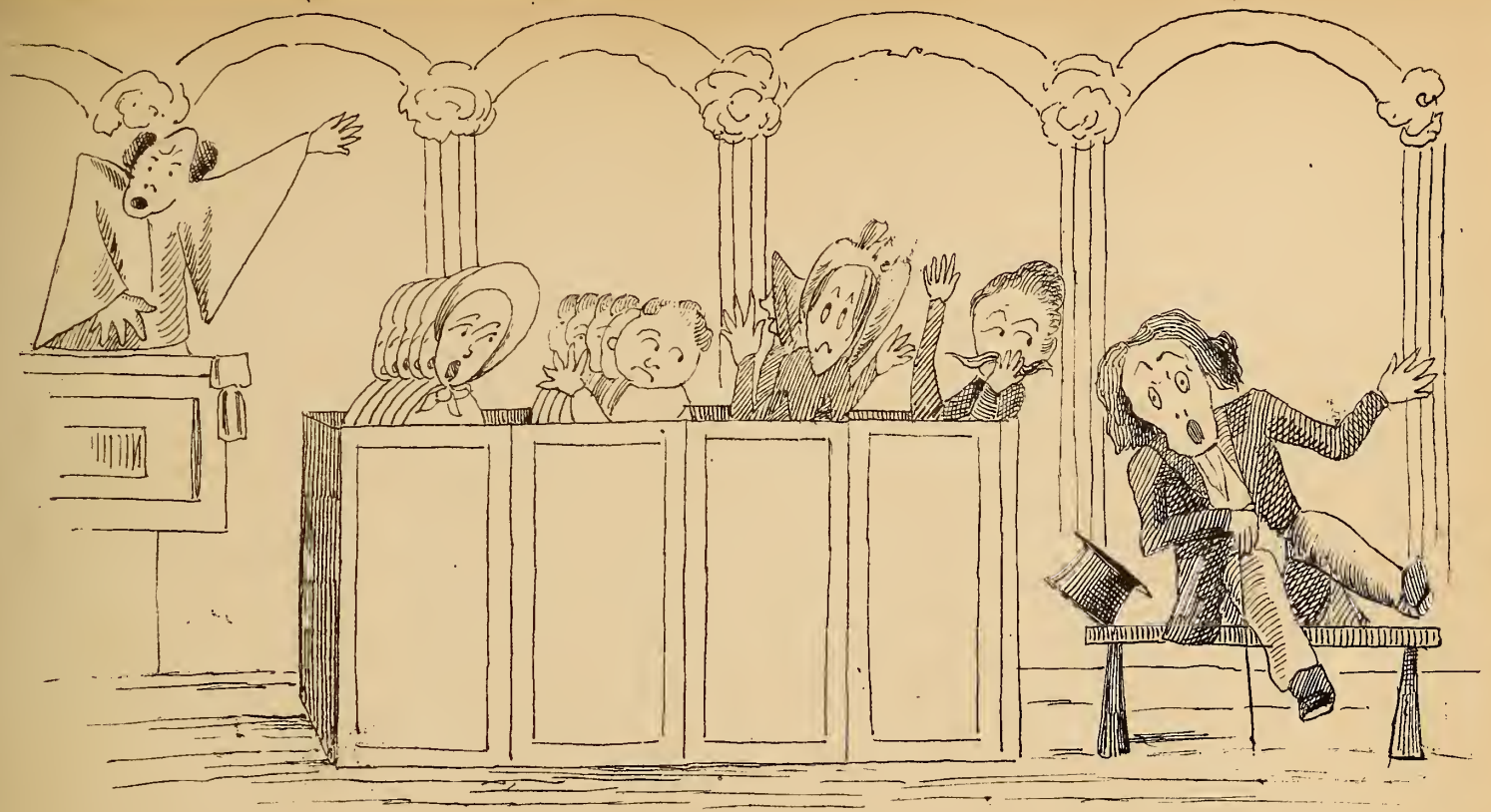
There was a young man of the world, who said, his moustache as he twirled,
" My manners are fair, so I really don't care
How honest I am to the world !"

There was a young woman of Baden, whom nothing whatever could sadden ;
While her friends were in tears, she just laughed with her jeers.
This accomplished young woman of Baden.



There was a bold preacher named Bellows, who devoted himself to our fellows,
Got up a Commission to improve their condition, and worked like a forty horse bellows.

There was a young lady of Florida, No creature could ever be horrider,
For she liked alligators and very black waiters, degraded young female of Florida.

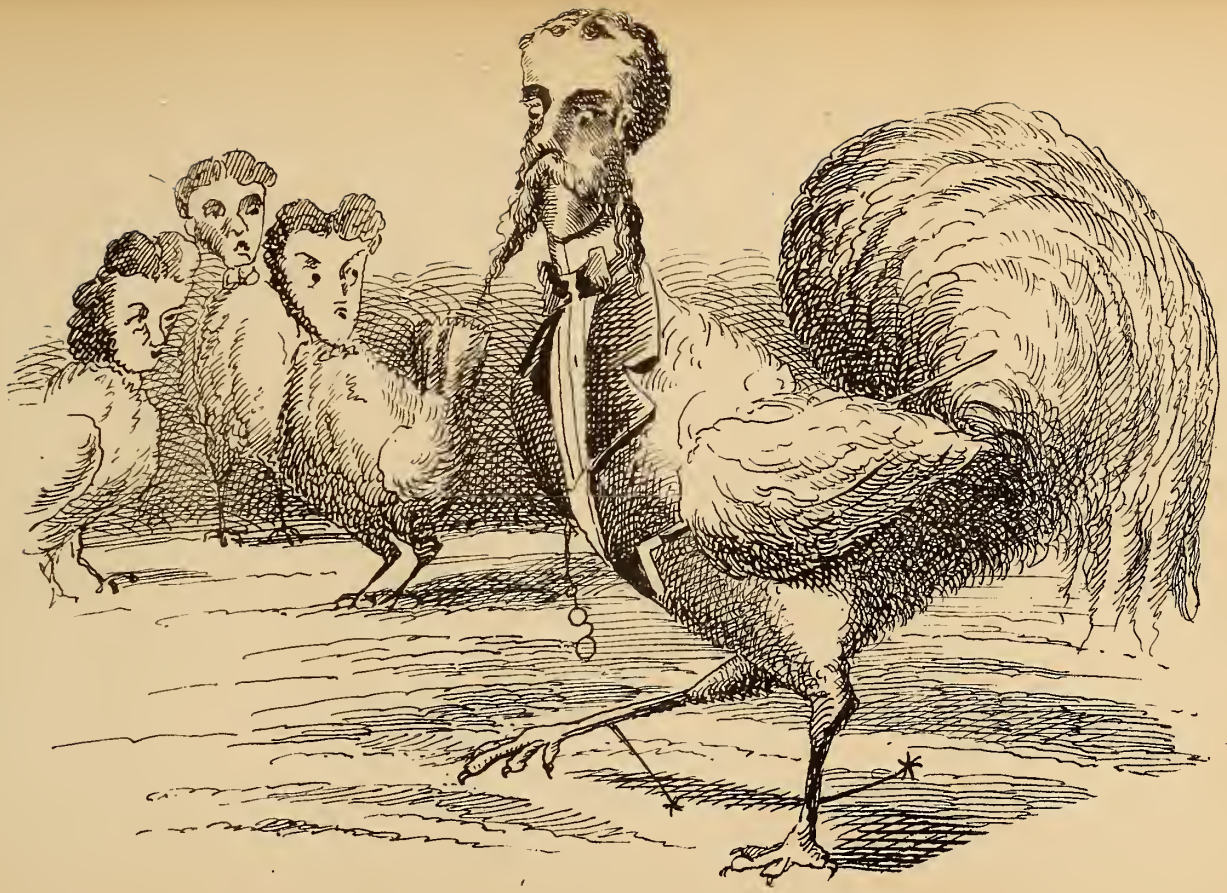


There was an old cove in a church, who nodded and then gave a lurch :
But he cried " I'm awake! You have made a mistake
To suppose that I'd sleep in the church !"

There was an old buffer in Uz, and it's troubled "indeed" that he was,
He declined to swear loud but "let out" on the crowd that did the consoling in Uz.

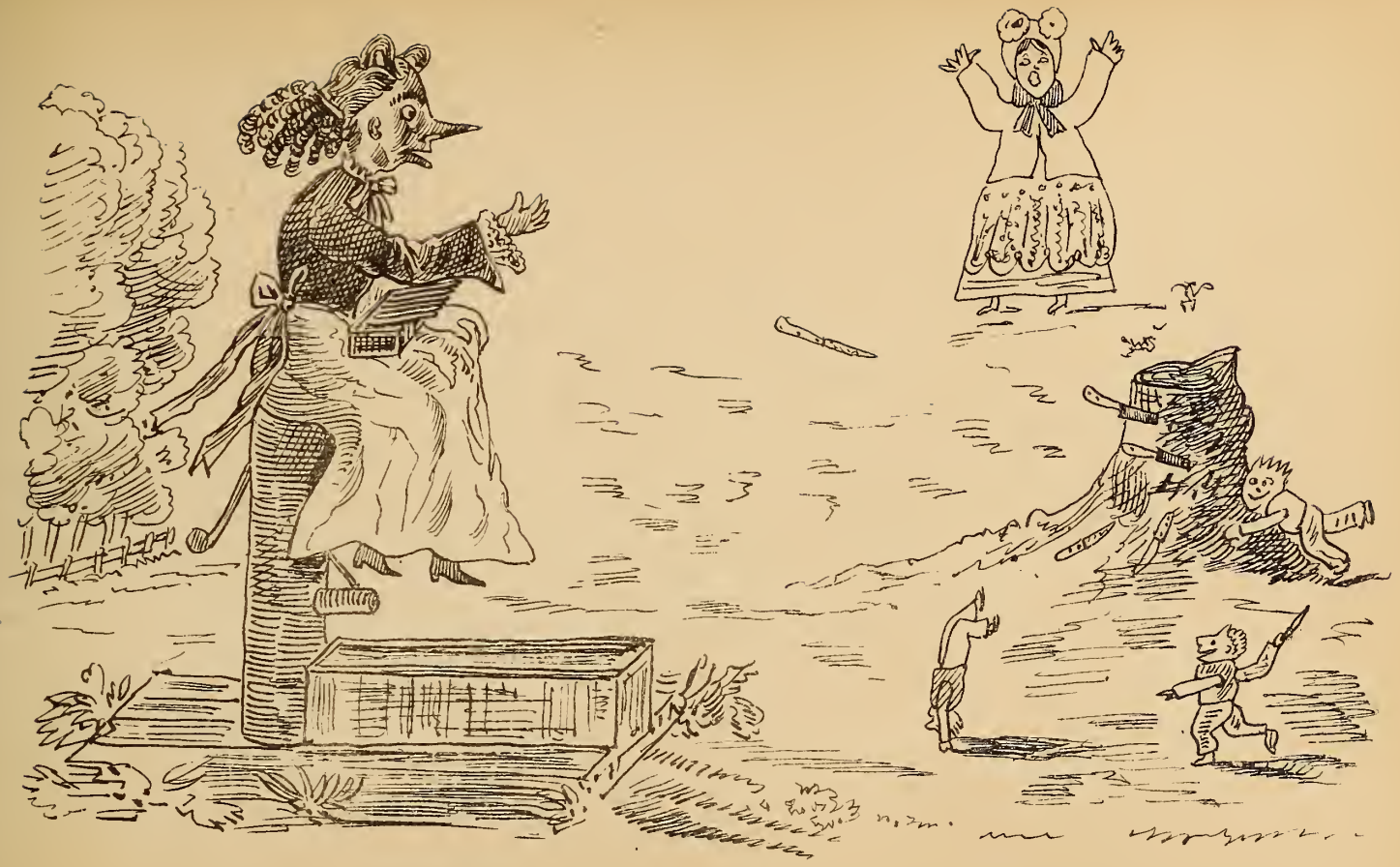
There was a young lady at Rome, who eternally, sang "Home, Sweet Home;"
Till they wished she was there, for what did they care
To hear aught so homely in Rome?

There was a young person of Leers, who had such a long pair of ears,
That the people who'd pass deemed him more of an ass
Than even the donkeys of Leers.

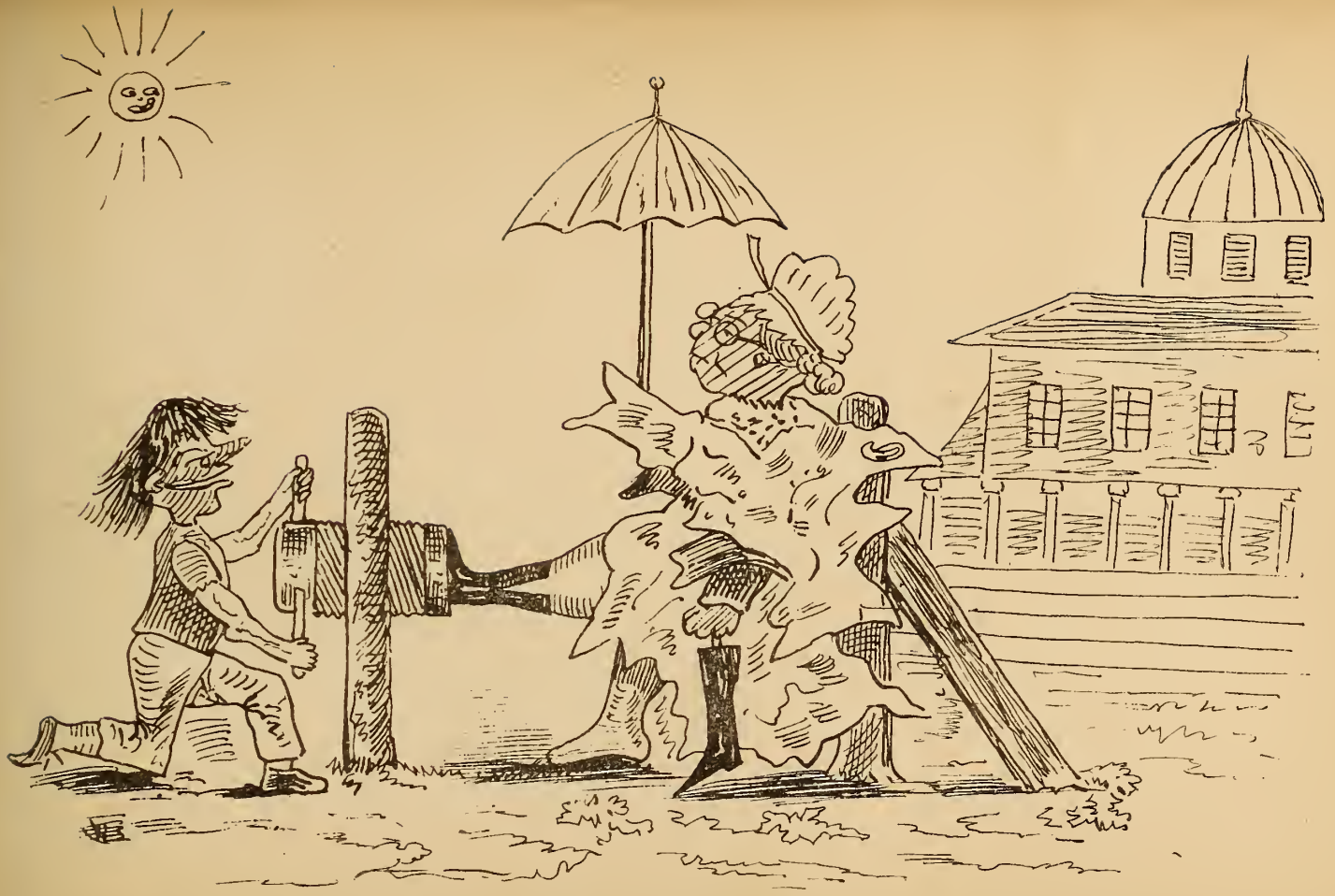


There was a prodigious young fop, dressed to kill from the foot to the top:
All the girls at the Fair could do nothing but stare
And keep clear of that killing young fop.

There was an old crazy perfumer, who took for his wife a young "Bloomer;"
He wished a new scent, so, on roasting intent, he said it would pay to consume her.



There was a sweet girl of Kingsessing, whose actions were truly destressing;
For she sat on the pump, and threw knives at a stump,
An appearance not quite prepossessing.



There was a stout lady of Boston, whose clothes looked as if they were tossed on ;
But her boots were so tight, that to get them on right,
They had to be taken and forced on.

There once were a number of Quakers, who would meet; became such queer shakers;
That they never did smile, but just shook all the while,
These quivering, quaking old shakers.

There was a young girl at a ball, who would cling so close to the wall
That not a man there to approach her did dare
Though they called her the "flower" of the ball.

There is a great German tenor, so bewitching and charming in manner,
The belles of upper-ten call him "sweetest of men,"
And dote on the great German tenor.

There was an old man of Carlisle, who left the rebels in style;
For said he "I will flee, I never liked Lee, and some day I'll come back to Carlisle."

There was a young lady of Rittenhouse Square,
Attacked by a worm as she went to the Fair,
But a champion brave was destined to save
This frightened young lady of Rittenhouse Square.

There was a bold painter who said, I will paint such a wonderful head,
That I'll make the whole Fair, with astonishment stare
When they see this miraculous head."

My good Southern Brother look here, one thing to my mind is quite clear—
If we put out this Furness, it no longer will burn us,
Nor warm little darkies up here.

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